IN THE SHADOW OF SHAME

By Fitzgerald Molloy

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

Olive Dumbarton, after the legal separation from her brutal husband, becomes a successful authoress and lives quietly with her daughter, Veronica, in Hexton Road, St. John's Wood, London. Her husband secretly returns to London and by letter makes further demands for money. Her cousin, Valerius Galbraith, a man of independent wealth, who has been in love with her since early youth, calls to say farewell before starting on a trip to Egypt. A fortnight later Olive Dumbarton is found in her library holding a dagger over the dead body of her husband. She is suspected of the murder and is arrested.

Detectives are put on the case. George Bostock, the publisher, offers to aid Mrs. Dumbarton. The Coroner's Court holds her for trial on the charge.

Quinton Quave presents a clue to Inspector Mackworth.

Having accompanied Quinton Quave to the door, Mackworth returned to his sitting-room and settled himself down to think over what he had just heard. The information volunteered by his visitor seemed to the inspector to favor the supposition he already entertained. It was reasonable to think that the man who, wearing a wide-leafed soft hat, the better to conceal his identity, had stood watching Mrs. Dumbarton's house on the night of, and but a short time before the tragedy, was responsible for the crime; nor was it unreasonable to suspect that this man was the same who had visited Mrs. Dumbarton two hours before. But supposition was one thing and proof another, and to verify his conjecture became Mackworth's desire.

That Martyn had not seen this individual in the Hexton Road was readily understood, for the latter would naturally avoid encountering a policeman. However, Martyn might possibly have met on his rounds in the neighborhood such a man as the inspector could now describe, and it was, therefore, his first care to question the constable once more on the subject.

"And you are quite sure," said the latter, "you saw no one loitering about Hexton Road on the night of the murder?"

"Certain," Martyn replied stolidly.

"You didn't meet there or in the district any one whom you might suspect of being concerned in this business?"

"No one," the policeman answered.

"And yet," he remarked, looking shrewdly at Martyn, "a man above middle height, and wearing a soft felt hat, was seen in the Hexton Road that night within half an hour of the occurrence."

"Oh, I saw him," Martyn answered, opening wide his eyes and mouth.

Mackworth smothered the imprecation that rose to his lips.

"Where have you seen him?" he asked eagerly.

"Why, it was such a man—tall, and with a soft hat—that came running toward me as I stood at the end of the Caxton Avenue, saying that a servant was calling out police and murder in the Hexton Road close by."

"What did you do?" asked Mackworth impatiently.

"I started off for Hexton Road as quick as I could," replied Martyn, surprised that it should be thought he had done anything else under the circumstances.

"And he—and he, what became of him?" the inspector eagerly inquired.

"He came running with me, but I soon outstripped him."

"Did you see him again?"

"I don't think so."

"Now remember—are you sure you didn't see him among the crowd that afterward entered Mrs. Dumbarton's house?"

"If he was there I should have recognized him—no, he wasn't among them."

The inspector frowned and said:

"Do you mean to say that the first and last time you saw him was when he came running to tell you some one was calling out murder?"

"Yes," the policeman answered, after a few seconds' thought, during which he fiercely pulled the straggling hairs of his light mustache; "I never saw him before to my knowledge, and I haven't set eyes on him since."

"From what direction did he come to you."

"From the Hexton Road."

"How far were you from it at the time?"

"About three hundred yards."

"Now, think well," said Mackworth, presently, "for on your answer a great deal may depend. Did you see this man's face?"

"I suppose I must have looked at him when he spoke to me," answered Martyn; "but I can't describe him to you."

"Every man on the force is expected to have a sharp eye and a keen memory for faces," said Mackworth, testily.

"But the whole thing happened so suddenly," Martyn protested. "I was taken by surprise, and——"

"You should always have your wits about you. Do you think you would be able to recognize him, if not by his face, perhaps by his figure?"

"I might," Martyn replied, somewhat doubtfully. "I know he was a tall man, rather slight in build. Yes, if I saw him again I think I should know him."

"Good," replied Mackworth, hopefully.

"You suspect some one?"

"Never mind. What you have to do now is to think well of your meeting and recall what you can about him. Then this evening at half-past eight come to my place and I will put your power of recognition to the test. Meanwhile, not a word of what I have said to you—not a word," said the inspector.

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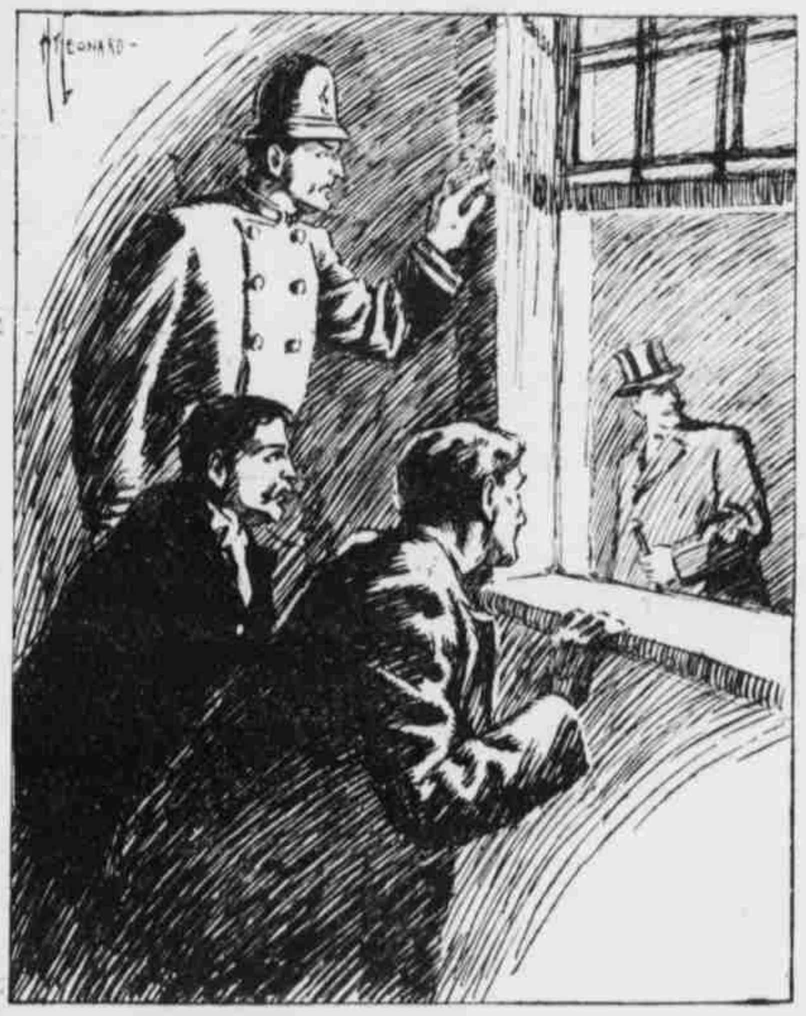
That evening as the clock struck ten George Bostock left the room, put on his overcoat and his hat, and, as had been his custom for some time, quitted the house. There was no hesitation in his movements; he had already decided on his course, which custom had made familiar. His step led him to the Hexton Road.

Arriving there, he neither sought nor avoided the house where he was a familiar visitor, but contented himself by walking up and down in front on the opposite side of the road. Now and then he paused as if to listen; more than once it seemed as if he would cross the road. Whenever foot passengers approached he continued his walk, as if anxious to avoid observance, and disappeared when a policeman came in sight, only to reappear again when the road was once more deserted.



"His every movement was being carefully watched."

As he passed backward and forward George Bostock was quite unaware that his every movement was being carefully watched by three men. For the publisher, having been shadowed for some time by Mackworth's orders, the latter was aware of George Bostock's nightly walk, and the inspector, together with Quinton Quave and Martyn, now closely observed him from the bedroom window, from which the young medical man had, on the night of the tragedy, seen the figure that attracted his attention.

When at last George Bostock, after spending an hour in the vicinity of the house where lived the woman he loved, took his departure, they who watched him felt keen relief. Quinton drew down the blinds and lighted a couple of candles. In silence the three men gazed at each other, two of them, according to instructions, forbearing to exchange impressions in each other's presence.

"I will join you presently," Mackworth said to the policeman as the latter left the room.

Then the inspector, turning impatiently to Quinton, said:

"Well, sir, well. Is that the man you saw the night of the tragedy?"

"Why, that's George Bostock!" Quinton replied in surprise.

"I know that. Now, remember, sir, how much may depend on your identification. Dismiss from your mind all prejudice you may have for or against him, and tell me candidly if you think he is the same man whom you noticed in the same place a little while before David Dumbarton was murdered."

Quinton hesitated before replying.

"I don't think he is."

"You are doubtful?"

"I am not certain."

"Make allowances for the differences in the hats you saw then and now, and perhaps for some excitement natural to a man about to commit a crime, and then tell me what's your conclusion."

"The height of this man is about the same as the other."

"Well?"

"But, making allowances for that, there is little similarity between this man and the other."

"Then, sir," said Mackworth, with evident disappointment, "you cannot identify them as one and the same?"

"I cannot," answered Quinton.

"One question more, sir. Is Mr. Bostock a friend of yours?"

"I have known him for some time."

"And like him?"

"And like him," the young man repeated.

"Good-night, sir," said the inspector shortly, as he turned away; then, as if acting on a second thought, he added: "Remember, sir, not a word of this. I may be right, or I may be wrong in my suspicions, but let no incautiously dropped word of yours help to divert the course of justice."

"You can rely on my silence," said Quinton stiffly.

In the road outside Mackworth joined Martyn.

"Well," he said abruptly, "have you made up your mind?"

"I have," the policeman replied, promptly and decisively.

"Then out with it and don't keep me waiting."

"That's the same man who came running up to tell me some one was calling for the police."

Mackworth paused in his walk and eyed his companion fixedly.

"Are you quite sure?" he asked.

"Certain."

"Remember how much may depend on your word."

"I knew him the minute I clapped my eyes on him again," the policeman said eagerly.

"Are you ready to swear he is the same man?"

"I am."

"That's enough," said Mackworth, with evident relief.

CHAPTER X.

Throughout the days following the return to town of Valerius Galbraith, all his energies were expended in striving to penetrate the mystery which surrounded David Dumbarton's death. Hours of his time were spent in consultation with George Coris and the counsel instructed by him; while Valerius had several interviews with Mackworth, who listened to his suggestions without revealing his own ideas regarding the man he suspected of the motive he believed to have caused the crime.

And no day was allowed to pass without Olive Dumbarton seeing her cousin, whose sympathy in this hour of need was welcome to her, whose efforts to give her hope and bring her cheer she gratefully appreciated; and that he now made no reference, as he had often done in recent times, to the affection he felt for her, or dwelt on all that might have been had she long years ago accepted his love, she felt more grateful still.

He was to her a friend, her next of kin, and nothing more, and as such she willingly accepted the services he placed at her disposal, the companionship he gave her.

It was Galbraith's habit to avoid Bostock when possible, but it happened one afternoon when the former was spending the afternoon with his cousin, that the publisher called. Valerius, who was too well bred to show discourtesy toward a guest of his hostess and his kinswoman, rose and greeted Bostock formally and with an air of restraint of which Olive was painfully conscious, and of which the publisher was likewise aware.

Olive Dumbarton sat in a deep chair beside the fire, her black dress contrasting the pallor of her face, her thin hands with their long, sensitive fingers lying listlessly in her lap, her large, gray-blue eyes fixed absently on the fire when not raised in question to those with whom she conversed. Veronica, seated at a little table apart, made tea for their visitors.

George Bostock was narrating the latest literary gossip to his hostess, for, knowing the interest she always felt in her fellow-workers, he strove by this means to banish for awhile the dark and troubled thoughts that forever faced her. Mrs. Dumbarton moved her head until she faced the window, the blind of which had not been drawn. As she did she started violently, her eyes became fixed, her face grew ashy white, and her hands clutched the arms of her chair. They who stood beside her saw with fear the sudden change which had come upon her, and without questioning her turned simultaneously in the direction in which her gaze was yet fixed. And as they looked they were startled by the sight of a face pressed close against the glass, its outlines lost in the darkness surrounding it, the eyes large, dark and luminous, filled with a fixed determination and eager purpose there was no mistaking.

The second of profound silence which followed seemed an age, during which they suffered from a stupefaction which held their senses in abeyance; then Valerius, who was first to recover, rushed from the room and out of the house. As he did the dark eyes, which had noted his movements, withdrew from the window and disappeared in the blackness without.

As if relieved from a gaze that had fascinated her against her will, Olive Dumbarton drew a long breath, closed her eyes and rose to her feet.

"Mother, dearest, who can this be?" Veronica asked, in a frightened, appealing voice.

"God knows," Olive Dumbarton replied, in the tone of one ready to meet whatever calamity fate had yet in store for her.

(To be continued.)

A Little Story of Married Life.

An Ohio farmer had a "hired man," a steady, phlegmatic worker, who was always on time and had not missed a day in more than a year. One morning he appeared in his Sunday clothes and announced that he had "to go bei his wife's funeral." The following day he appeared as usual and went about his work in his careful, methodical manner. Less than a fortnight later he again came before his employer in his black suit and asked for a day off.

"Jake, I hate to refuse you, but you know we are pretty busy now. Woudn't it do just as well next week?"

"Aber I denke nicht," said Jake; "may be I better be dere. It been my wedding still."

"What! Your wedding? Why, you buried your wife only week before last."

"Ja," returned Jake calmly, "but I don't hold spite long."

DELICACIES FOR EARLY FALL

Mush Fritters.—Heat one pint of milk in a double boiler, and just before it begins to boil sprinkle in half a cup of granulated white meal. Cook, stirring constantly, for ten minutes. Then cover and cook slowly for thirty minutes. Add a level teaspoonful of salt and turn into tin molds. Stand aside to cool. When cold, cut into slices a half inch thick, dip in egg, roll in bread crumbs and fry in hot fat.

Sauted Celery.—Select six small, solid stalks of celery. Wash and cut them into length of one and a half to two inches. Soak them in cold water for half an hour and throw them into boiling water. Add a teaspoonful of salt and boil rapidly five minutes. Drain again. Now toss them in a napkin until thoroughly dry. Put two tablespoonfuls of oil or butter in a frying pan. Add a teaspoonful of chopped onion, and when hot put in the celery, a small quantity at a time. Stir or toss over a very hot fire until slightly browned. Lift with a skimmer and drain on brown paper. When ready to serve sprinkle over two tablespoonfuls of catsup and send at once to table.

English Beef Soup.—Make a plain soup stock by boiling a shin of beef well seasoned. When cold remove the bone from the stock and cut the meat into neat small pieces. Put a tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan with a tablespoonful of flour, and after mixing together without browning add one quart of the beef stock and season with one-half teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper and a teaspoonful of kitchen bouquet. Bring to the boiling point. Now add the meat blocks and one hard-boiled egg chopped fine. Throw into the soup half a lemon cut into thin slices and then into quarters. Serve at once.

Panned Baked Apples.—Wash and core the number of apples required, but do not pare. Cut them into parts, eight parts to each apple. Put a layer in a baking dish, cover with two tablespoonfuls of sugar, then another layer of apples, and so continue until the dish is filled. Add to each quart of these a cupful of water, cover the pan and bake in a quick oven until soft, or about fifteen minutes. They must be tender, but the parts must remain quite whole—that is, not becoming mushy. Serve warm in the pan in which they are baked.

Steak en Casserole.—For this choose a round steak, and have it cut at least one inch thick, and then into small pieces about two inches square. To each pound of steak allow one-half pint of small new onions, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one good-sized carrot, one turnip, one teaspoonful of salt, and a saltspoonful of pepper. Peel the onion, cut the carrot and turnip into fancy shapes, and put a layer of the mixed vegetables in the bottom of a casserole or earthen dish. Heat an iron pan and rub the bottom with suet. Throw in the small pieces of steak, let them heat quickly on both sides. Now lift and put them in the earthen dish over the vegetables. Cover with the remaining vegetables, add the seasoning and two cups of boiling water. Cover the dish and stand in a quick oven to bake for an hour. Serve in the dish in which it is cooked.

Rice Jelly.—Cover a quarter of a box of gelatin with half a cup of cold water and soak for half an hour. Wash a quarter of a cup of rice in cold water, boil for thirty minutes and drain. Stir or toss it with a fork until it is light and dry. Whip a pint of cream, stand it in a pan of ice water and sprinkle over with sugar and then with the rice. Stand the gelatin over hot water, and when melted strain over it the warm mixture. Stir at once and continuously until the whole is thoroughly mixed and the rice remains on top of the cream. Turn into a mold and stand in a cold place.

Creamed Baked Macaroni.—Boil four ounces of macaroni twenty minutes and blanch ten. Put a layer of macaroni in the bottom of a baking dish, then a sprinkling of cheese, a dusting of salt and pepper, and so continue until all the ingredients are used. Rub a tablespoonful of butter and a tablespoonful of

English Beef Soup.—Main a plain flour together. Add a cup of milk and stir over the fire until boiling. Pour this carefully over the macaroni and bake in a moderate oven thirty minutes.

Scotch Stew.—Cut two necks of mutton into small pieces. Put two tablespoonfuls of suet into a saucepan and shake over the fire until it is nearly melted. Remove the frizzled pieces, put in the pieces of mutton and shake until they are seared on all sides. Add two tablespoonfuls of flour to the fat and mix. Cover the pan and simmer gently for one and a half hours. Serve with boiled rice or baked onions cooked in cream.

Chocolate Souffle.—Put two ounces of chocolate into a saucepan. When melted add one cup of milk and stir until hot and well mixed. Moisten three tablespoonfuls of flour in four tablespoonspoonfuls of cold milk. Add to the hot milk and stir until smooth and thick. Take from the fire, add the yolks of four eggs. Cook a minute longer, take again from 'the fire and fold in carefully the well beaten whites of the eggs. Turn at once into a baking dish and bake twenty minutes. Serve with cream and vanilla sauce.

Green Corn Gems.—Score and press the corn from half a dozen ears. Beat the yolks of two eggs and add one cup of milk and then the corn. Sift one and one half cups of flour with one rounding teaspoonful of baking powder. Stir this into the corn mixture and fold in the well beaten whites. Bake in gem pans in a quick oven thirty minutes.

Codfish Souffle.—Pick apart half a pound of salt cod and wash well in cold water. Now cover with boiling water and let stand for half an hour. Drain and press dry. Have ready two cupfuls of cold mashed potatoes that have been beaten until light. Stir in the codfish, add a saltspoonful of pepper, the yolks of two eggs and finally fold in the beaten whites. Put this into a baking dish and bake until a golden brown.

Pumpkin Custard.—Make a biscuit crust and roll it out thin, using two cups of flour, a rounding teaspoonful of baking powder, a level teaspoonful of salt, and moisten with two-thirds of a cup of milk. Line a deep baking dish with this thin crust. Have ready stewed sufficient pumpkin to make one pint or two cupfuls when mashed and pressed through a sieve, being careful that it is not too watery. While the pumpkin is warm add a tablespoonful of butter, stir in two eggs well beaten, and half a pint of milk. Season with nutmeg, turn into baking dish and bake in a moderate oven for one hour.

FACTS FROM MANY LANDS

Italian railroad authorities are experimenting with a device for use at railroad stations, by means of which all tickets are printed and stamped with their price in the presence of the passenger, a record of each sale being at the same time made on a roll of paper inside the machine. Each machine is equipped for printing tickets to more than four hundred stations.

A great canal which drains the two Italian provinces of Mantau and Reggio and discharges into the River Po has just been opened. For five years six thousand men have been employed in digging the big ditch.

The first turbine steamship ever built in the United States was launched at the Roach shipyard at Chester, Pa., in April last. It was christened the "Governor Cobb," and will ply between Boston and New Brunswick. It is 290 feet long and contains one hundred and seventy-five staterooms.

According to the Machinists' Monthly Journal, more men are killed in Allegheny County, Pa., every year than fell in many of the great battles of history. Last year nine thousand men were killed and injured in the steel and iron mills and blast furnaces. In other mills the casualties numbered four thousand. Railroad employes killed or injured in the county during the same year numbered four thousand three hundred, making a grand total of seventeen thousand seven hundred on the roll.

The oldest university in the world is the "School for the Sons of the Empire" at Peking, China. The names of its 60,000 graduates are carved on 320 stone pillars.

The production of aluminum in the United States has increased tenfold in as many years. In 1883 the total production was eight-three pounds. In 1904 it was 8,600,000 pounds.

A lighthouse that has neither lamp nor keeper is located at Arnish Rock, Stornoway Bay, in the Hebrides, Scotland. It is a conical beacon with a lantern, which has a mirror and an arrangement of prisms at its summit. Across the channel, 500 feet away, on Lewis Island, stands a lighthouse which throws a stream of light on the mirror in the lantern, which in turn reflects it on the prisms. The rays of light are converged to a focus outside the lantern and then diverge in every direction, making a serviceable lighthouse, fully adapted to the requirements of its locality.

The money value of the Vatican, the Pope's palace at Rome, and its treasures is estimated at $150,000,000.

At New Haven, Conn., Yale University is building a reinforced concrete stadium which will have a seating capacity of 40,000.

Newspaper despatches from Denver announce that it has been decided to adopt electricity as the motive power of the Denver & Rio Grande railroad, electricity to be generated by mountain streams along the line. It is added that electric engineers report enough water going to waste within the state to run all the railroads inside its borders.

The Czar of Russia is the possessor of a bullet-proof automobile, devised not for safety alone, but for comfort as well. It is fitted up with a chest of drawers, cabinet, easy chairs, etc.

Mohair is likely to become an important produce in the United States. At present, however, there are probably not more than 1,000,000 pounds of the substance grown here. It comes from the back of the Angora goat, three or four pounds being secured from each animal. The price of mohair varies from 25 cents to $1.25 a pound.

Chinese graft, which is proverbial, finds an excellent opportunity in the lighting of Peking. Annually 80,000 taels are appropriated for the purposes of street illumination. After the money has sifted through the hands of various officers a wick and some oil are left. One of the numerous beggars of the capital drinks the oil.

Ballooning has a curious effect on the vision. The pressure on the visual organs decreases and the sense of sight becomes so keen that at an altitude of 6,000 feet a bottle dropped to a body of water below may be observed in detail as it disappears beneath the surface.

A policeman's club with an electric light in the handle is a late invention. If it proves a success the searchlight lantern may be dispensed with.

A Hungarian chemist has produced a fluid optical lens at a moderate cost. The largest lens used for astronomical work has hitherto cost thousands of dollars and taken several years to produce. A few weeks' time and an expenditure of $500 is all that is now required.

For the purpose of raising the Mikasa, the sunken flagship of Admiral Togo, the Japanese have constructed an exact model of the wreck. As a hole is repaired in the Mikasa, a corresponding patch is placed on the model. The progress of the work may thus be measured at a glance.

The Canadian Pacific railroad has constructed, between Montreal and Winnipeg, a distance of 1,400 miles, a telegraphone system. One wire does doubel work at once, so that a telegraph and a telephone message may be transmitted simultaneously. The company will install this system over all its lines. The work of dispatching trains, it is believed, will be revolutionized.

The nationa's capital has the largest collection of anthropological specimens on the face of the globe. Four thousand to five thousand skulls and skeletons are here preserved. Two hundred ...ns are arrayed in jars. These are ...bited with those of animals for the ...se of comparison.